

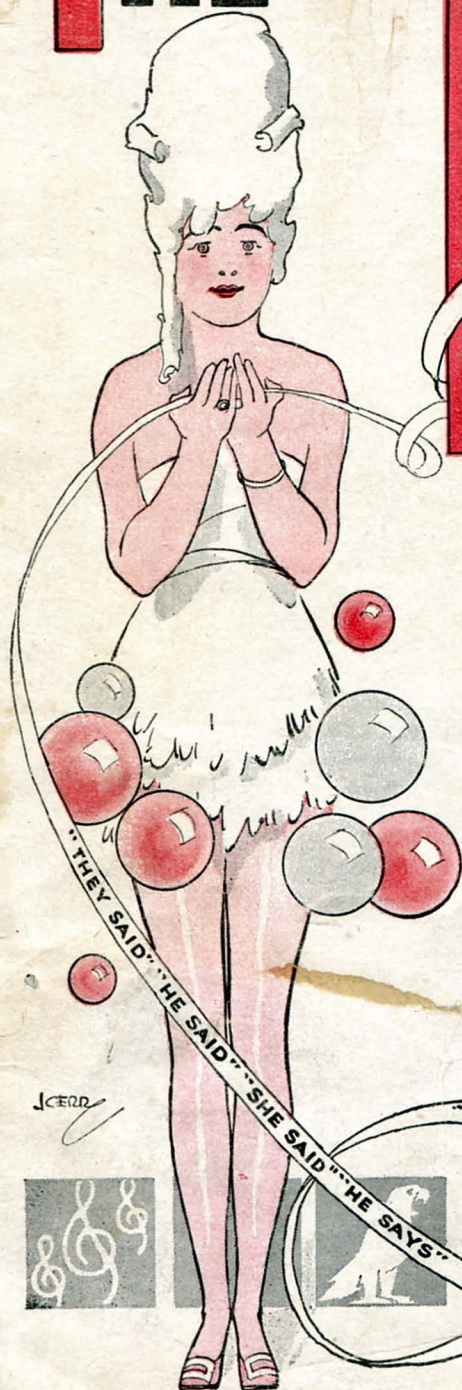
MAY, 1919

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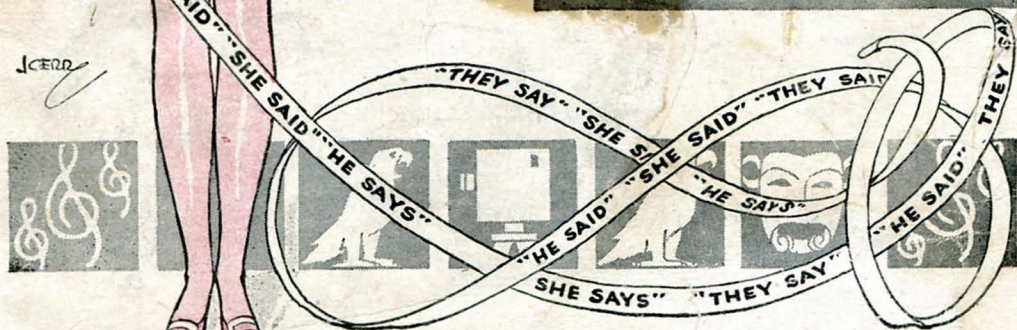
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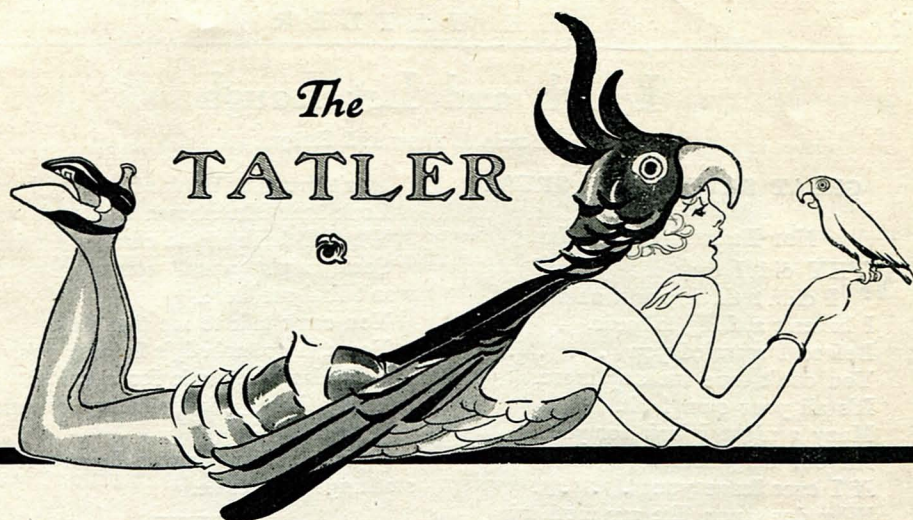
TIPS
TALES &
TOPICS

SONG
STAGE &
SCREEN



Miss
Catherine
Calvert





Song Writers Instead of Lawyers

By WALTER E. COLBY

A GREAT MAN once said, "I would not care who made the laws of a nation if I could write its songs," or words to that effect. He wished to emphasize the important part that songs play in the life of the people and the influence that songs exercise upon them. Of this there is no doubt. Music has always been a potent factor in the world. From the time you're born you fall under its spell. You probably can't recall the particular tune, but the first one you heard was a lullaby. Your mother will probably assure you that it had considerable effect in maintaining peace and quiet in the household. You didn't understand the words, maybe there weren't any—just a crooning melody—but an ether cone under your nose wouldn't have been more effective.

And so it goes. All thru the lives of people and the life of a nation, songs have their important place. We have recently had an example of the effect of the war song. A stirring martial strain will drive men on into battle as no one other thing can do, and arouse the people at home to the loyal support of their fighters. A song like the Marseillaise would make one Frenchman go after ten Germans and completely ruin them.

As in war so in love. A pretty love

song, a little sentimental strain (with a little moonlight added, maybe) has often helped the ardent wooer put it over.

They even say that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," but if a sassy he cannibal came at us with his mouth watering at the thought of making a table d'hôte out of our valued person we'd take no chances on trying to appease him with a few bars of "Kiss Me Again," but would choose our nearest exit, if any, and put her right into third.

The gentleman quoted above seemed to think that music has such an effect on people that with a proper outfit of songs no laws would be needed. That might be so, but in spite of the fact that we thoroughly enjoy music, we doubt very much if it would always work to that extent. If we should wake up in the middle of the night and find a naughty, rude burglar poking a gun at our head we question if anything could be accomplished by singing, ever so feelingly, "Oh, Won't You Come And Play Wiz Me." He might drop dead from shock but we figure he'd probably shoot on general principles.

Maybe the gentleman thinks that if a murderous Polack, about to drive his

(Continued on page 2)

Laugh and Let Laugh

By Lewis, Young and Ruby

GREAT SAYINGS BY GREAT WOMEN

NOT EDITED BY THE MRS.

WHY did I ever marry you?
 I didn't think you would mind.
 I haven't a thing to wear.
 Before I married you
 You don't love me any more.
 It's all your own fault.
 Many a night I wait for you.
 All our neighbors have cars.
 If I ever leave you
 Why don't you like my mother?
 What did my father ever do to you?
 You won't get rid of me this summer.
 Why do you always lose when you play?
 You're always busy.
 It's as much your baby as mine.
 Why don't you take out more insurance?
 What do you do with all your money?
 If I were only single again

(Continued from page 1)

stiletto into the back of an unsuspecting victim, should hear the strains of "Tickle Toes," he'd drop his knife and run to apply for membership in the nearest church, but we have our doubts.

It is hard for us to conceive that a wretch about to touch a torch to a crowded tenement house at 2 o'clock in the morning would be swayed from his purpose by any lullaby. We opine that a cop's night stick would be a far more effective lullaby for that gent.

However, music has its influence and a great one, in many ways. The modern form of music is the popular song and when you stop and realize that copies of songs sold in this country run up into the billions, yearly, it is easy to see how the public mind could be, and often is, moulded by the songs turned out by the more prominent writers, such as Joe Young, Ted Snyder, Sam M. Lewis, Walter Donaldson, Edgar Leslie, Harry Ruby, Ray Perkins, and others.

Don't you ever think of coming home?
 Look how Mr. Brown treats his wife.
 When I think of the chances I missed.
 Some night you'll come home and won't find me here.

You can't talk to me that way.
 You can go, nobody's holding you.
 Why don't you ask for a raise?
 Every time I ask for money you make a long face.

Dearie, I know where I can get silk stockings wholesale.

HEARD AROUND THE PUBLISHING HOUSES

"Who did you steal that melody from?"

"You're just the fellow we were thinking about when we wrote that song."

"We knocked them dead in Poughkeepsie with that one."

"That melody would go great with dumb acts, that's why we're picking on you."

"The second verse of a popular song reminds you of the vice president—nobody knows it."

A certain successful song writer was approached on the streets by a fellow who had been a very dear chum in his less successful days.

"Listen, pal," said his old friend, "I'm up against it this week, could you let me have ten dollars?"

"I'm sorry, but I can't do it," answered the song writer, to which his friend replied,

"Success hasn't changed you a bit."

Beware of love letters from song writers!

One was returned to our office which read as follows:

"Sweetie, I haven't written you in a fortnight, because I thought it unnecessary. Seeing that you are part of me I didn't write you, because one does not write to one's self."

The Further Adventures of "Mary Regan"

Famed afar in Fiction, She has now gone into Pictures and Song.

Once upon a time Eve was the most popular woman in the world, being ardently admired by the entire male population of the universe at the time.

Since then no woman has been able to lay claim to quite that percentage of popularity, although some of them, such as Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Queen Elizabeth, Lillian Russell, and Little Eva have been pretty generally well known for one reason or another.

Just at present the best known woman in this country, outside of the First Lady in the Land, is Mary Regan. If it so happens that you haven't heard of Mary ask the first man, woman or child you meet and you'll find out, for they all know her.

First she appeared in Leroy Scott's sensational novel of big pleasure in New York. The story bore her name and was printed in the Metropolitan Magazine as a serial and then in a book which was the "best seller" for months. After that the story ran serially in all the seven Hearst newspapers and scores of other large papers throughout the country. It is estimated that no less than 20,000,000 people have read it and many million more are familiar with it.



Beautiful Anita Stewart as she appears in "Mary Regan"

Mary Regan has now gone into pictures. All those who are familiar with the character will agree that only one film actress in the country could fill all the requirements in portraying the character, and she is Anita Stewart, and those who have seen it unite in declaring it even better than her two previous successes, "Virtuous Wives"

and "A Midnight Romance," both of which have broken all theatre records in 1918 and this year.

The story of "Mary Regan" is one which should have a personal appeal to everyone, but particularly to women. It shows the influence of heredity which has turned many a good meaning soul from the path of virtue to the path of vice, and vice versa. In the case of Mary Regan there is a continual struggle between two hereditary influences, the one exerted by the father for evil, and the mother influence which strives to keep the girl from degradation. Fortunately the mother love wins, and Mary Regan comes unscathed through as barbed a tangle of temptations as ever beset a girl feeling the first impulses of womanhood.

"A Midnight Romance"

Chorus

Peo-ple called her lone-ly Ma-ry - dream-ing dreams that can't come
true — For that emp - ty part in her lov - ing heart there was
none who seemed to do Then a sweet - heart came to

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a chorus with three lines of lyrics. The melody is in a major key with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

This song is catching on everywhere—an absolutely universal hit! North, south, east or west, Kankakee or the Bronx, is all the same to this song. It was written by the talented Anita Stewart and was suggested by the picture "A Midnight Romance" in which she is appearing.

Want a Plot? Help Yourself

Are you writing a { story
drama
novel
operetta
movie

?

If so why not be absolutely original and introduce a plot in it? We are giving away to-day, absolutely free to our patrons, a few choice plots. Help yourself:

A poor but honest young man finds a diamond brooch, returns it, and the owner, an ancient maiden laidy, kisses him, whereupon he swears never again to return anything he finds.

A charming young lady plays the ukelele beautifully. Her doting father has been swindled in Wall street by a crooked broker, whereupon he lets him marry his daughter out of revenge.

A rich old miser who hates his spendthrift nephew, his only relative, hides his fortune in the family Bible, knowing his nephew will never look there. But the old man hadn't been dead a week before his nephew bet \$10 that the story of Eliza crossing the ice was taken from the Old Testament, and in looking it up he finds the hidden fortune.

Burglar steals baby's iron bank and as he is about to break it open he is so overcome with sentiment at the sight of a policeman that he fractures the cop's skull with it and makes a get-away.

A poor, starving artist suddenly sells a picture for a big sum of money and is very happy, but just then he is arrested. The picture didn't belong to him.

"Fires of Faith"

A Vivid Picture That Will Thrill Thousands—A Dramatic Portrayal of the Work of the Salvation Army in Peace and War.

By GRANT IRWIN

BEFORE the war came upon us with its slaughter, bestialities, misery and mourning, back in the days when all was peace and contentment and men could "pursue the even tenor of their way," and affairs moved along normally, as they probably never will again, you would frequently see at a street corner on a Saturday night a little band of men and women, in blue uniforms, singing simple hymns and speaking simple phrases.

As a rule the voices were untrained, the speakers untutored. In the midst of the little gathering was a bass drum that could be heard for six blocks on a noisy night. Next in line was a cornet which picked its way carefully over the humble bars of "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" or "Washed in the Blood of the Lamb." Three or four tambourines completed the musical complement.

This little incongruous outfit, this little band of determined men and women, would take their places just around the corner from a busy street and open their service with a series of simple songs. Then, as they stood with bowed, bared heads, the leader, who had worked hard at a bench all day, would offer up a prayer, a homely affair, which, though lacking in exquisite verbiage, probably hit nearer the throne of God than many from Fifth Avenue pulpits.

Then the little sermon, the direct appeal to the

few who, having nothing to do and nowhere to go, had stopped to kill a few idle minutes. Finally, the cordial invitation for all to come to the barracks for an indoor service, and with the booming drum in the lead they would take up their line of march, winding their way through the traffic with possibly half a dozen human derelicts trailing behind and looking not so much for salvation as they were for a bowl of soup, which they always got, by the way.

Night after night, year in and year out, in all kinds of weather this little band diligently carried on its work of reclamation in the slums, asking no favors of anybody, often the object of slighting remarks and slurs, looked upon by the organized church with an air of compassion, by the irreverent as a sort of joke, soiled with the contact with the unclean sinner, for none was too putrid for them to reach down and clasp to their bosom. It was an humble organization, working among the humblest and lowest, even down into the dirty dregs, and the churches were glad to let them do it.

Then the war came. There must needs be work done in supplying the soldiers with entertainment, comforts, little luxuries, kind words, and general up-

lift. The great Red Cross was organized, the wonderful Y. M. C. A. got busy, the splendid Knights of Columbus was immediately on the job, and what they all accomplished was simply marvelous.

(To page 6)



One of the Stirring Scenes in "Fires of Faith"

Popular Five-Footers

TENNYSON'S "daughter of the gods, divinely tall," is not wanted on the screen, which has created the vogue of the short heroine. The ideal height for a screen heroine is anything under 5 ft. 3 in. The following favorites, for example, are all under this height, most of them well under:—

Mary Pickford, Anita Stewart, Fanny Ward, Marguerite Clark, Viola Dana, Ann Pennington, Dorothy Gish and her sister, Lillian, Mabel Normand, Mary Anderson, and Vivian Martin.

The screen portrays life as it is, and because in real life the small woman is invariably more appealing and daintier, and more feminine than her more stal-

wart sister the discerning men who produce picture-plays have voted solidly in her favor.

They have also another reason, and a very important one it is. It is connected with the "close-up," in which the heroine's pretty face is shown so large on the screen that the full beauty of every feature is revealed to the audience as well as the most subtle changes of expression. Now with a small girl like Anita Stewart the camera can be placed quite near and secure an exquisite "close-up" without the slightest difficulty. But a six-foot heroine would take up too much room on the screen to obtain so effective a result.

(Continued from page 5)

Then stories began to drift back from overseas about some doughnuts that the soldiers were getting, hot out of the fat, as they came back, worn and bleeding, from battle. Doughnuts! Piping hot doughnuts! Whoever thought of doughnuts. THE SALVATION ARMY THOUGHT OF DOUGHNUTS, and they thought of pies and cakes and pleasant smiles and cheery words, and they thought so much more of the soldiers than they did of themselves that they went right out under fire, right up into the front trenches to meet the soldiers coming out. They went more than half way, they went the limit!

And they did it as they had always done their work, without ostentation, without a press agent, without a word. Before anyone knew they were planning on doing war work, their brave lassies and sturdy men were right up at the firing line carrying on their work, again asking no favors of anybody, and again picking out a field of endeavor that others had either not cared or not dared to choose. And the whole nation has risen in a mighty chorus and cheered and blessed them.

And with a modest "Thank you," they have stepped back out of the limelight to carry on their work as before the war. Unassuming and meek as of yore, the

little band of men and women in blue uniforms takes its place just around the corner from a busy street, singing simple hymns and speaking simple phrases, and the most irreverent pause—and remember.

And all of you who remember, and who among you does not, the work done by the Salvation Army, should see the wonderful moving picture, "The Fires of Faith," which depicts clearly and truthfully what they did and just the conditions under which they did it. It tells the story of the Salvation Army.

It deals with the downfall of a beautiful girl who finally becomes an outcast on the Bowery. She is reclaimed by the Salvation Army and joins a contingent of lassies which is sent to the front. A romance begun on this side continues over there. All are captured by the Huns, imprisoned, there is a terrible battle and the Huns are driven back. To tell a tenth of the story would fill half of this magazine and then we could not do it justice. It is the most inspiring, thrilling picture produced since the war. It is presented by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and the cast includes Catherine Calvert, Eugene O'Brien, and Ruby de Remer. Evangeline Booth, Commander of the Salvation Army in the United States, also appears in the picture.

The Only Thing in the World That Hasn't Gone Up in Price

BY TED SNYDER

VERILY, these are the days when money should be made of rubber in order that it might stretch out to keep up with the inflation of prices. We have heard of elastic currency. We're for it. And it would have to be made of the very best quality of rubber, too, otherwise it would not stand the terrific strain of covering the increasing cost of living.

Surely, a dollar is a dub these days.

Once upon a time if you had a whole dollar in your pocket, you felt a certain sense of security. You could get a drink, get a bite to eat, and get home—all three. Now if you happen to have a dollar, you can take your pick of any one of them, and call it a night.

But you have, however, probably noticed that the cost of everything has gone up lately, so I won't dwell on that point. But there is a point I want to bring strongly to your attention, and that is this—you probably haven't noticed that the price of everything has gone up EXCEPT ONE THING. There is only ONE THING that has not increased in price and that is the POPULAR SONG. In fact you pay less for one than you did years ago. I defy anyone to point out another object of purchase that has not either gone up in price or lower in quality or quantity. The popular song alone remains at its pre-war price, and is a higher standard of article than it was years ago.

The royalties or salaries paid to authors, overhead expenses of offices, the price of paper, advertising rates, shipping rates, printing, every charge connected with the song publishing business has suffered a sharp advance, yet you still get your song for ten cents, and better songs than you used to get for that money. Years ago a song that sold for ten cents would be drivel. The list price of a high class popular song was never less than 25c.

So, while every article of purchase in the country has been going up, according to official Government reports, from

60% to 65%, the popular song has dropped that much. So the old expression, "You can buy it for a song" has more meaning than ever. The popular song is your cheapest form of entertainment today. For ten cents you can get a song that you will play, sing and whistle for weeks,—and ten cents these days isn't what you might call a whale of a wad.

Stop and think a moment. At the prices prevailing at the time I am writing this, you can get seven copies of popular songs for the price you are paying for one pound of butter, and still have car-fare home. You think nothing of paying two dollars for a theatre seat, and yet think of the variety of songs you can buy with that sum,—a pile of twenty!

When you buy a song for ten cents, you are getting the product of a total investment of anywhere from \$25,000 to \$50,000. So when you complain of the high prices of everything, have a kind thought for the popular song publisher. For him there is no niche in that gathering in the Hall of Shame—the Profiteers.

OVERHEARD AT THE MUSIC COUNTER

HAVE you a Little Grey Home in the West?

How much is "One Kiss in the Twilight?"

No, I don't want that. The girl next door has it and I can borrow it from her.

Have you a song—all I remember is that it's something about Moon and Tune in it. I wish my husband were here, he could tell you.

Can I take it home and see if it's the right one?

One giddy girl came in and asked for a song called "Try This on Your Piano." She had seen it advertised so much.

An Englishman came into a store and asked if they had a song called "Discarding of Lingerie." Probably he meant "shaking the shimmy."

STARS OF SONG & SCREEN

Pissy Rhodes



Newhoff
& Phelps



Ruth
Royce



Silvia
Clark



Mme Chilson
Orman



Blanche
Ring

"Take Your Girlie to the Movies"

(If You Can't make Love at Home.)

Chorus

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a chorus with three lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes chords and a bass line. The first line of the chorus is: "Take your girl - ie to the mov - ies, If you can't make love at home;". The second line is: "There's no lit-tle broth-er there who al-ways squeals, — You can say an aw-ful lot in sev-en reels. — Pick a coz-y cor-ner where it's nice and dark, — Don't catch in-flu-enz-a, kiss-ing in the park. —". The third line is: "Take your les - sons at the mov - ies, And have love scenes of your own;".

Here is a song that is selling itself. It needs no press agent and no advertising. It's a scream and that's no dream. The words are by Edgar Leslie and Bert Kalmar, and Pete Wendling wrote the music. It's not only a good song but a great idea.

The Best Song Sellers for May

OUR scout and confidential adviser who pokes his intelligent nose into music stores, movie houses, cabarets and even into houses, figuring out the best sellers among the popular songs, tells us that the following popular songs hold the record for April:

"Don't Cry Frenchy."
 "When You See Another Sweetie Hanging Around."
 "Music of the Wedding Chimes."
 "Mickey."
 "How 'Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm."

"My Barney Lies Over the Ocean the Way He Lied to Me."

"Come on Papa."

"Down the Lane and Home Again."

"Heart of Humanity."

"What'll We Do on Saturday Night When the Town Goes Dry?"

"Jazz Baby."

"That Tumble Down Shack in Athlone."

"False Faces."

"All I Get Is Consolation."

"When the Bees Make Honey Down in Sunny Alabam."

"A Midnight Romance."

One of the Bright Lights Among the White Lights



JOSEPH SAMUELS

lit at the Cafe de Paris, where he is conducting Earl Fuller's celebrated Society Dance Orchestra, one of Mr. Fuller's many famous, high-class musical organizations.

What Mr. Samuels doesn't know about music would constitute about one full beat, and that's all. Gosh, how that fellow has studied music! Ever since he was twelve he's been at it. He was the favorite pupil of Sig. Guido Parisi of St. Louis, and then entered the College of Music at Cincinnati, where he finished his course under the direction of Sig. Campanari. He became concert master and assistant conductor for Henry W. Savage at the time "Madame Butterfly" and "The Merry Widow" were produced.

He has conducted for many vaudeville stars, including Eva Tanguay, Eddie Foy, and Frederick V. Bowers, and has written several compositions destined to reach the pinochle of popularity.

He is now recording for the best known phonograph company of New York.

A lot of new songs grew out of the war which will live for years. On the other hand, some were killed as dead as the Kaiser's hopes. For instance, you haven't heard "Die Wacht am Rhein" or "Where, O, Where Has My Leedle Dog Gone" lately, have you?

JOSEPH SAMUELS and his fiddle are two prominent features in Times Square night life—likewise popular.

Joseph got his start in Tennessee, according to the birth records, studied abroad, traveled abroad, toured this country until he knew all the station agents by their first names and finally

Edgar Leslie's Fourteen Points

I—"The Last Red Nose of Summer" is due to fade on July 1st.

2.—Champaign, Illinois, is advocating adoption of "ALCOHOLIC BLUES" as National Hymn.

3.—It is easy for the landlord and hard for the tenants to raise the rent.

4.—Some women think that "Freedom of the Seas" will give them the privilege to wear one piece bathing suits.

5.—New York haircutters demand that Italy be given the barber shop privileges along the Rhine.

6.—The Easter Sunday parade of women was followed by the usual Monday morning parade of husbands to the pawn shop.

7.—A song writer is only as great as his songs.

8.—Here's hoping the outfitting of June brides will not hinder the success of the Victory Loan.

9.—A preacher's wife has written words to the musical snore of her husband's congregation.

10.—The "shimmie" was very unpopular in the days of Mother Eve.

11.—A Sinn Fein billiardist was exiled for putting "English" on the ball.

12.—Guy Empey's latest film is "Hell on Earth." Evidently the tale of a song writer trying to beat a book maker.

13.—The three most important letters in the summer alphabet are B. V. D.

14.—The Salvation Army needs thirteen million dollars. Help them put the dough in doughnuts.

PATTI'S INDEPENDENCE

With a voice that earned her \$5,000,000, Madame Patti, the ever-youthful, although she has just entered her seventy-seventh year, could afford to be independent.

In this connection a retort by her has become historic. When she was told that even the President of the United States did not receive nearly so much for his services as she demanded for hers, she answered: "Very well; get the President of the United States to sing for you."

"Mother's Tears"

Chorus

Moth-er's tears, If we count-ed all our moth-er's tears, We'd have a
 string of pearls; to count for years, and years. If we knew,
 All the pain and sor-row they go through; We'd kiss each sil-ver thread that crowns a moth-er's

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a chorus with three lines of lyrics. The melody is in G major, 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment includes a 'p. mf' (piano mezzo-forte) marking. The lyrics are: 'Moth-er's tears, If we count-ed all our moth-er's tears, We'd have a string of pearls; to count for years, and years. If we knew, All the pain and sor-row they go through; We'd kiss each sil-ver thread that crowns a moth-er's'.

Do you remember that wonderful song, "My Mother's Rosary?" Will you ever forget it? Well, George Meyer, who wrote that song, has just written the one above, which is even better—"Mother's Tears." The lyric is by Sam M. Lewis and Joe Young, who wrote "A Baby's Prayer At Twilight," and "Hello, Central, Give Me No Man's Land." You can't pass up a song written by that combination. "Mother's Tears" will live for years.

BILLY RHODES, whose picture you will find in the double page display, has been released from the Navy and is back on the job entertaining people with that wonderful voice of his. At present he is appearing on the Keith circuit with a splendid repertoire of songs, playing his own accompaniments.

Billy's career has been meteoric. He had studied voice but a short time at the Ithaca Conservatory when Andreas Dipfel picked him to play the juvenile role in "The Love Mill." Some start! He was engaged for the same role in the London company of "Going Up," but the darned war broke out and Billy up and enlisted. While in the service he did a lot of entertaining at the different cantonments. He has done his bit and has now resumed his career, which, incidentally, is going to land him in opera.

JOE HILLER, who has been in the

Navy for the past eight or ten months in the capacity of Librarian for the Great Lakes Naval Station Band, has recently been discharged and has again assumed his duties as the Manager of the Pittsburgh Branch Office of the Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co. Joe is probably the best liked boy in Pittsburgh. He is intimate with the present Administration and dabbles in politics quite a little.

He belongs to all the popular clubs, and has been one of the most successful Managers W., B. & S. have ever had, having the record of making fifteen to twenty hits popular in Pittsburgh and surrounding territory, a season. He has just written us that he thinks "Mickey" and "Don't Cry, Frenchy" are the two biggest hits he has ever handled.

Should Kisses Be Rationed?

HOW long should a kiss last?

The question has recently been raising considerable interest in film circles on account of various censorship bodies having established a time limit for all screen representations of the osculatory art. The reason given for such arbitrary abridgment is that the frequent and promiscuous kissing sometimes seen on the screen constitutes a bad example to young girls!

The result of the official restriction is that kissing displays on the screen have now to be limited to three feet of film, which in duration means about four seconds, before they can be passed by the State Boards of Moving Picture Censors of Chicago and Ohio. The Los Angeles Board, after hearing the evidence of a number of actresses, are even harder on the harmless and delightful recreation than the other bodies, for they are objecting to anything longer than a two-foot record of it.

Some film actresses agree with the ruling. One of those who gave evidence before the Los Angeles Censor Board said:

"I think that one foot of film is plenty for any kiss, as it is not the kiss in itself that is significant. That is merely the symbol for the emotion of love, and it is the emotion and not the act that the player wishes to recall."

In reply to bashful inquiries from the writer upon the subject, one of our female film favorites, who necessarily shall be nameless, gave the following opinion:

"A kiss should be as long as you feel it, and if you are studying the art of billing and cooing for the cinema your kisses should be as long as you think the patience of the audience will tolerate them. In connection with my performance of the title rôle in the screen version of 'The Woman Who Did,' the censor said that a certain kiss was too protracted, so I told him that I presumed that he wanted a kiss with a 'halo,' and I substituted this kiss for the other."

(Continued on page 14)

Putting the Pop into Popular Songs

SOME wag remarked the other day that after July 1st the only popular song would be "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes." That does all very well for a joke, and of course it was meant as such, but, laying all jokes aside, there will be more popular songs than ever after prohibition comes in.

Song publishers, together with moving picture producers and theatrical managers, are not at all worried over the impending drought. They have it all figured out, logically too, that prohibition is going to increase their business. While they are not, as a whole, total abstainers from the brew, and hate to be deprived of same, yet as far as their business is concerned they are not a bit perturbed.

The fact of the matter is, people are going to have their fun, prohibition or no prohibition, and if they cannot drink they are going to sing or dance, or both, or go where they hear singing and see dancing, moving pictures and plays. The parties at home have got to be enlivened, always, and without the flowing bowl nothing will enliven them so much as snappy songs. People who have enjoyed drinking in the evening are going to demand some sort of diversion and what will be more natural than for them to patronize places where there are bright lights, music, and dancing, or interesting moving pictures.

Rum and rye will yield to rag-time, and jazz will replace gin. By putting punch and pop into popular songs and pictures, your evenings won't be entirely wasted, and you won't die of ennui, whatever that is.

It is predicted that picture houses and popular priced vaudeville will be the first to get the benefit, and increases from 20 to 30% are looked for. This added movement toward the theatre must necessarily help the higher priced attractions though probably not in so great a proportion. The boys in the back room will probably make burlesque their headquarters.

"When It's Orange Blossom Time"

Words by TOT SEYMOUR

Music by CECIL ARNOLD

Chorus

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. There are musical markings such as 'p-f' (piano-forte) and 'gva' (glissando) in the piano part. The lyrics are: 'When it's or-ange blos-som time, Won't you say that you'll be mine, That's when ev'-ry girl and boy Knows this world was made for joy. Birds will sing a sweet re-frain, As we stroll down lov-er's lane; Then I'll steal a lit-tle kiss; One or two you'll nev-er miss.'

This is one of the best love ballads in years. It has the real wedding ring to it. The lyric is full of romance—a sort of first aid to wooers—and the music full of dainty charm. Why not? It was written by two pretty girls.

(Continued from page 13)

The kiss with a halo, by the way, is a purely mechanical and passionless one, closely allied to the sisterly kiss, concerning which Tom Hood has so wittily said:

*Being used but sisterly salutes to feel,
Insipid things, like sandwiches of veal.*

Thinking I would like to have the opinion of a male mind on the delicate subject, I wrote to Billie Ritchie. This is what he said: "The idea of rationing kisses as if they were beef or mutton is altogether heartless and absurd. We might as well have kiss coupon books and have done with it! It is

quite impossible for any actor who loves his work to do proper justice on the screen to a kissable face in less than twenty feet of film and, personally, I am in favor of fifty feet!"

In the June issue of THE TATLER begins a story that will hold your interest from start to finish. It is a story that has never been told before—the life, experiences, trials, and observations of a noted song writer. You'll say it's a hummer and the best you ever read. Don't miss it!

Screen Notes—More Fun than Facts

CLEOPATRA BORGIA appeared on Broadway last week in her new touring car and created quite a sensation. It is painted lemon yellow with vermilion and purple trimmings, and on each side of the tonneau is her coat of arms, a vampire couchant and a thousand dollar bill rampant.

No expense is being spared in producing the thrilling picture, "Tossed Up by the Waves." It is said on good authority that real water is used in several of the scenes.

There's a good joke on about twenty of our Broadway Johnnies, and it will be a long time before they hear the last of it. They learned that the Trueart Motion Picture Exposing Company was about to make a picture called "The Fall," and that Lotta Curves was to do the lead. It was to be made on an island off the coast of Georgia. This was something they decided they couldn't miss, so they chartered a yacht and went down to this island to see it made. Imagine their

disgust when they found that it was the story of the fall of Babylon, where the characters wore clothes, and not the story of Eden, as they supposed.

Mr. H. Daremore Darling, the famous juvenile lead with the Lynx Film Company, is receiving congratulations these days on the birth of a son to his daughter, Mrs. John Smith.

Director Duane Durande has succeeded in leasing for a period of twelve hours one peck of potatoes, half a peck of onions and two cucumbers. These he will use in producing his new picture, "The Voice of the Huckster." Wiseacres say it is doubtful if the company gets its money back on this film, as the audiences will naturally believe the vegetables are made of wax.

Muriel Strathmore's beautiful curls were burned in the fire that destroyed the Flicker Studios last Thursday. When Miss Strathmore read about it in the papers she went into hysterics.

"You Took Me to the Movies Once"

THE wedding bells were ringing but their ringing was in vain;

The sexton might have saved his arm; allow me to explain:
A fair young maid was standing in her sitting-room out West,
And in her hand she held a ring which had not stood the test.
"I know the ring is plated, dear," her sweetheart he did say,
And he did say it sadly and his eyes were turned away.
His almost-bride looked at her beau with moisture in her eye,
And after he did say them words, the lady did reply:

"You took me to the movies once,
And then you fetched me back;
I wished to eat but got no treat—
The street car was our hack.
So take your imitation ring
And make your exit, Si,
You took me to the movies once,
It's your move now. Good-by!"

The second verse is sadder still. That young man went away
And took to ardent spirits which he swallowed night and day
His rugged constitution could not stand the awful speed,
And so from all them earthly cares and sorrows he is freed.
From all them earthly sorrows he has went that gentle youth;
He sleeps beneath the daisies in a churchyard in Duluth.
He sleeps beneath the daisies and his sweetheart far away—
Regrets exceedingly them words she once to him did say.

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the Farm?

CAN YOU READ?

If so, be sure and get the June number of **THE TATLER** and start the corking story, "The Beginning and the Finish of a Song Writer," which begins in that issue. No man has more extraordinary and unusual experiences in the course of his career than a successful song writer, and none has more interesting reminiscences to recount. It's a story that you'll eat up!

Published Monthly by the Tatler Publishing Company,

209 West 48th St., New York City.

WALTER E. COLBY, Editor.

Copyright by the Tatler Publishing Co.

Entered at Post Office as second-class mat'e.

The McConnell Printing Company, 230-242 William Street, New York

